

Enchanted 675

Irish's unease did not come from anywhere.

She could hear a hint of danger from these hasty footsteps, and as the footsteps approached, the danger became more obvious.

The sound of footsteps was more than one or two.

The first thought that crossed Irish's brain was that these people had come to catch her.

Soon, the idea came true.

She heard someone yelling in a loud voice, "Search for her! Check every corner!"

Irish was finally convinced that the ship had stopped.

These people came aggressively; probably, they were listening to Joseph's instructions.

It should be blamed that she had overslept, not knowing when the boat had stopped.

But at present?

Irish secretly prayed that it was not her who they were looking for. Of course, she would have met a pirate or an enemy that the woman already had, but she would rather have taken the initiative to attack than sit idly.

Taking a deep breath, she darted to the door and gently opened the storeroom door outside, still dark.

The night is as quiet as death.

Above this boundless sea, the only thing in sight was the dark midnight.

Footsteps came again.

Irish hurriedly closed the door, quietly waiting for the footsteps to pass, she slipped out of the storage room and ran in the opposite direction of the concentration of footsteps.

There was only the deck at the top of the ladder.

She either jumped off the deck, as she had planned, at the risk of being hit by the ship and hid under it or unloaded a lifeboat while they were not ready and drifted silently at sea. The big deal was that she would be Robinson once.

Both methods were bad, and more importantly, whatever she did, she had to find a way to get to the deck.

Irish was no stranger to this private cruise ship.

When she went to school abroad, she was often taken to sea by classmates on their own cruise ship. She was enjoying the blue clouds during the day and watching the distant seagulls gliding gently over the shark's head.

But at present, she enjoyed the lonely wind and the unknown fate.

But she wanted to thank her classmates, at least letting her understand the structure of the ship.

So it was not difficult to avoid them and get to the deck.

She knew that there was always a way for the shipowner to escape or take refuge, and in the event of an emergency, it was the most vital green passage.

She would use this passage to reach the deck.

The passageway was often near the owner's nearest place or in the lounge or activity room, where the woman was absent.

Irish had no time to think of her present situation, found a passage, and passed by the impression in the direction of the deck.

There was still a noise of footsteps on the deck.

She poked her head.

At night there were indeed four or five strong men, and there was another woman in addition to the strong men, and she said to them again, "Look for her, and keep looking for her."

Irish's desire to meet a pirate fell through.

She knew that there was only one situation left.

Joseph has already begun to play.

Irish's back clung to the ship's board, and her heart suddenly rose to a great pathos.

How did she and he get to this point?

Once upon a time.

Once upon a time. Painful memories of them came flooding her mind.

She played hide-and-seek with him. She hid.

She hid, but he turned a blind eye and indulged her, telling her that he had lost and let her out.

She came out.

Jumping out behind him with a smile, covering his eyes, and then smiling to ask him, "How should I punish you?"

He also let her cover his eyes and said, "you say."

She really thought about it.

He turned around and lowered his head, deliberately pricking her cheek and neck with his chin, "Give myself to you."

She smiled and dodged, reaching out to him, "Mr. Dover, if I'm going to bed with you, I have to charge twice as much."

He said she was obsessed with money.

She said his appetite was so greedy that she had to replenish her strength for several days every time they made it.

The thought of this made her heart sore.

Were people too good at deceiving themselves? They ended up hurting each other.

So even though she was thinking of the past, where she thought he was real. But would there be no such heartache between them if he were so real?

At least he wouldn't send a woman who had just slept with him to find her in the middle of the night.

Irish took a deep breath, only to look into the situation when she found that the woman and several strong men had already left the deck.

At such a glance, she felt much relieved.

The searchlights of the ship were turned on temporarily, and the waters around her were like daylight, let alone the deck, and she would easily be spotted as long as she stood on the deck.

Under the searchlight were bright lifeboats and a few lifejackets, and apparently, Irish had to give up. Looking around the sea.

Coldness suddenly crept into her heart, scaring her to death.

No wonder she felt a little familiar when she reached the deck. Looking at it, the ship turned its direction and approached the island at the slowest and most steady speed.

And the island was illuminated.

It was Joseph who turned on all the lights on the island and matched her ship.

Somehow, Irish's heart stirred up an inexplicable panic, and she felt defeated to face Joseph. She seemed to feel that her desire to escape was familiar.

Memory seemed to have a hand hidden in the dark, dry, cold, and harsh laughter rolled towards her.

Irish shivered, the next second, she was totally exhausted.

She darted to a shady spot and was about to jump.

Later, the ship ran aground.

But she forgot that the opponent was Joseph.

Just as she was about to jump, the woman sprang out of nowhere with the two men and shouted in her direction, "Come here, here she is."

Two strong men came, running at her.

Seeing that, Irish dodged the first strong man, waving a fist on the bridge of his nose. Painfully, he covered his nose and screamed.

"Oh, my God!" Rosy began to shout, followed by a cry for help, and those helpers who heard the noise ran up. "Go up and help."

One could imagine Irish's fate.

She was defeated again.

As a result, she was bound.